

Disappointed Villainy;

A N

ENTERTAINMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

Leander and Hero, Zelida, Dramatic Love, and
Damon and Phebe,

Quicquid agunt Homines, Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas,
Gaudia, Discursus, nostri est farrago Libelli.

Juv.



O X F O R D :

Printed in the Year M,DCC,LXXV.

Price 1.00

PROLOGUE.

*WHILE modern Bards to foreign Climates roam,
To bring new Characters and Follies home;
While many take stale Hints from Rome or Greece;
New dress each Thought, cut, vamp, and frame a Piece;
On England's Banks our Author's Muse will dwell,
In sweet Abode;—she likes Britannia well.
She leads our Poet every mazy Round
Where Soul-delighting Novelty is found;
He from all Objects sev'ral Items drew,
And introduces here his motley Crew.
If well he executes his bold Design,
And Nature dawns in each descriptive Line;
If vivid Tints in showy Colours stand,
And Strokes judicious mark a Master's Hand;
All as impartial Critics have before,
Do him but Justice, and he asks no more.
But when the Work's beheld with candid Eyes,
And Scenes are found which Genius must despise;
If Wit with spreading Plumes flies far away,
And Dulness, bated Dulness, bears the Sway;
Boldly pronounce th' impartial Doom, and then
Persuade the Author to lay down his Pen.*

PROLOGUE.



THESE modern Bards to foreign Climates come,
To bring new Characters and Follies home;
Which many take for Hints from Rome or Greece;
New words each catches, and new Follies seize.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Titus Scrape, *Uncle to Truelove.*

Sir James Eitherfide,

Truelove, *in Love with Amanda.*

Kindly, *his Friend, in Love with Sabina.*

Replevin, *a Lawyer.*

Schemer, *Servant to Kindly.*

W O M E N.

Amanda, *Daughter to Sir James, in Love with Truelove.*

Sabina, *Sister to Truelove, in Love with Kindly.*

Lifetta, *Maid to Amanda.*

The Time, *From Noon till Midnight.*





Disappointed Villainy.

ACT I.
SCENE I.—London.

Truelove's Lodgings.

A Servant enters to Truelove, with a Letter.

SERVANT.
SIR, a Letter brought here this Morning by *Obadiab*
Ghaffly, your Uncle's precise Cashier.

TRUELOVE.

Surely there is something in Divination; my Heart
misgives me:

[*Reads.*] "Am inform'd by undoubted Testimony,
"that the Ship in which your Father was embark'd
"for England is wreck'd; by which Misfortune you
"will lose too worthy a Parent, and I a provident Bro-
"ther. His Prudence foresaw you wou'd soon squander
"an affluent Fortune which cost him much Pain in ac-
"quiring, and he has therefore dispos'd of it by Deed
"to

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“ to me : I therefore now acquaint you, that your grace-
“ less Conduct justifies my appropriating the Whole to
“ myself, and you can expect no Countenance till a Re-
“ formation entitles you to the Smiles of your Uncle

“ TITUS SCRAPE.”

Seek *Kindly*, and tell him that an *Affair of Consequence*—but here he comes ; withdraw, and leave us to our *Privacy*. [Exit *Servant*.

Enter Kindly.

KINDLY.

What ails thee, Lad ? thou look’st as gloomy as a despairing Tabby, or disappointed Minister. I know thy Uncle’s contracted Pittance, ev’n which seems drain’d Guttatim from his Vitals, bears no Analogy to thy noble Spirit. But while thy Friends are in Cash, and the Ladies delicate in their Choice, thou wilt never want Plenty of Burgundy and Amours.

TRUE LOVE.

Curse on my luckless Fate.

KINDLY.

Never sigh or despair for a cruel Relation or an empty Pocket. The true Voluptuary is no Monopolist. A disinterested open Mind is as well pleas’d in procuring Comfort for his Friend, as in participating the Enjoyment of it.

TRUE LOVE.

Alas ! my Calamity is recent ; I do not wonder it has not reach’d thy Ear. Adieu to Comfort. Read here, and spare my fault ring Tongue the Tale.

KINDLY reads the Letter.

Now Curse on this Sermon Pop-gun ; would he confine a Youth of thy Genius and Fire to the narrow Circuit of the Exchange, and enjoin thee to endeavour at
excelling

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excelling in no Conversation but Brokerage and Inspiration?

TRUE LOVE.

Dear *Frank*, be not unreasonably satirical;—are not my Circumstances damn'd beyond Redemption?

KINDLY.

Pardon a sudden Flash of Merriment; my Purpose was honest, and meant to divert Affliction; but I've a feeling Sense of your Condition, and may be of Service to you. Suppose you shou'd insist upon seeing this Deed of Gift by which this formal Hypocrite claims your deceased Father's Estate? it will have the Appearance of asserting what shou'd have been your undoubted Right to the open World.

TRUE LOVE.

It will; but I am sure of having what counterfeit Piety and sheer Villainy commonly afford the Distressed. I shall be called an unconverted Son of Darkness, in the new genuine Language of these mistaken Zealots.

KINDLY.

Abominable Delusion. But harkee, do you know the Lawyer that drew this Deed?

TRUE LOVE.

I guess my Father's. He's a low-bred Wretch, unpractis'd in the noble Branches of the Legislature, but deep and knotty in close obscure Conveyances. My Father thro' Pity employ'd him, or he had starv'd.

KINDLY.

A proper Tool to work upon. I find we've nothing to do but tamper and out-bid; open his Heart with Stingo, and his Fist with a Fee, and the Day's our own.

TRUE LOVE.

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TRUE LOVE.

He's an Echo of my Uncle, and I'm told lately made a hopeful Convert to his new Opinion!

KINDLY.

A Methodist!—Courage, Boy; he'll swallow Rhino as cordially as an Oak, and wou'd sign the Death-warrant for half this Metropolis in Consideration of a Broad Piece. However, for our last Reserve, there is my Man Schemer; he has Plenty of Cunning and Assurance, two excellent Requisites to aid our Stratagems.—I must pay a Visit to *Sabina*; so at present your most obedient Servant. [Exit.]

TRUE LOVE.

If Unhappiness can receive any Comfort, it must be from such a perennial Sweetness as my Friend's. There still may be some Ray of Hope.—*Replevin* must be founded about the Deed, to detect the Forgery of *Sir Titus*; or find, or at least contrive some Flaw to my Advantage. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Sir Titus's House. — An inward Room.

Enter Sir Titus and Replevin.

Sir TITUS.

Fast, say you? Is every Mouse-hole of the Law filled up. I'm told there are many dangerous Chasms, many Quirks, and Quibbles in our Laws.—Oh that I presided over the Codes of Great Britain! I would make all the Unconverted hold their secular Property under a few of us inspir'd Elders. Then, in those Times which wise Men would call just, the Great Man would learn to pay full Poundage to his Creditors, the Courtier might have some faint Idea of Truth, and the Lawyer himself some distant

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distant glimmering of Integrity. All plain, you say,—
no double Entendre?

REPLEVIN.

All clear, Sir, as Law, Parchment, and Tautology,
the very Essence of our Business, can make it. Your
Nephew is dependant on your own Bounty.

Sir TITUS.

Then he'll not grow rich by my Liberality, I'll assure
you. I've quieted my Mind in that Respect; and
Conscience truly is sometimes a noisy, squeamish Bant-
ling. I have had my Qualms; but Mr. Roaster, that
enlightened Guide, told me that the Elect had only true
Right or Property. He spoke with Energy. 'Twas
edifying to me, and pleasing to my Mind.

REPLEVIN.

I'm told he utters horrid Menances. I would con-
trive to bring him under the Law, and put him into the
Crown-Office.

Sir TITUS.

No Offices under the Crown. They are lucrative, and
will enable the ungracious Dog to eat again; and when
Plenty has recruited his Spirits, it will render him more
audacious.

REPLEVIN.

Good Sir, this is a Misapprehension. You Citizens,
I allow, are sufficiently veried in Fifty per Cent. and the
Purchase of a Reversion; but the Law and its Appur-
tenances are peculiar to ourselves. Our crabbed techni-
cal Phrases give us an Air of Consequence with many
Clients of the lower Class, who are often great Admirers
of ev'ry Thing they don't understand. The Crown-
Office is a Court like those in the East-Indies, where if a
Man of Property and Authority gets the Object of his
Hatred, 'tis out of the Power of Beelzebub himself to
disentangle him.

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Sir TITUS.

I wish every honest Citizen the use of this Office, who is troubled with a noisy Consort or teasing Creditors. But cannot our pious Fraud be detected?

REPLEVIN.

It is past all Possibility. It bears so strict a Resemblance to Truth, that should your Brother visit again the Realms of Light, he wou'd firmly believe it his own Hand-writing.

Sir TITUS.

Stop, stop, here comes *Young Rattle*! To avoid the very Shadow of Suspicion decamp! Probably you and your Setters have made many honest Man do the same.

[*Aside.*]

REPLEVIN.

I'll shun him, Sir, as I wou'd a needy Client, and a bad Cause.

[*Exit Replevin.*]

Sir TITUS.

Or as I wou'd a Court of Justice, where there was Proof positive on the opposite Side of the Question.

Enter TRUE LOVE.

So, Sir. One wou'd absolutely imagine this House belong'd to yourself instead of me, you enter it with so little Ceremony. What! no Deference to your Elders?

TRUE LOVE.

Retain your Censure for a Moment. As my Presence may encroach on your Business or new-fangled Zeal, I shall be very Laconic.

Sir TITUS.

A profligate Dog! He scoffs Religion and its inspired Votaries at his very first Appearance. But reveal your Intention and depart.

TRUE LOVE.

I should be glad to know if this Letter came from you? 'Tis an odd Question; but the Contents are so
amazing,

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amazing, that I can hardly believe the Testimony of ocular Proof.

Sir TITUS.

Thou wicked Child of Incredulity. Here's Conscience! You'd impose yourself now upon me for an honest Man, wou'd you not? Are you so prophane as to suppose I wou'd pen my final Resolution, and then deny my own Hand-writing? Alas! contaminated Beast; he's fallen off from the Truth, and has no Conception of the Purity of the chosen.

TRUE LOVE. [*Aside.*]

If canting, cheating, lying, and over-reaching, are Merits in Divinity, he's a chosen Vessel indeed. [*To him.*] In what Respect have I deserv'd such rigorous Treatment?

Sir TITUS.

Rigorous Treatment! How abandon'd are the Times! The very air is envenom'd with Vice! too gross for Purity like mine to breath in. So, a worthy Person cannot dispose of his Effects as he thinks proper, but some wild Gallant fancies himself ill treated. For sweet Heaven's Sake, where is the Propriety of such an Imagination?

TRUE LOVE.

Come, Sir, this is no Time for trifling. You know, Sir, I labour under Apprehensions of the first Magnitude. I can hardly think, that for a few Foibles, I'm curs'd with entire Disinheritance.

Sir TITUS.

So you tell your Uncle he's a lyar in his teeth.

TRUE LOVE.

You draw too hasty Conclusions. But to come immediately to the Point in View: May I not inspect the fatal Deed, by which I am made an Outcast.

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Sir TITUS.

No:—the Lines of true Justice may disarm thee; and this tender Heart can ill behold thy Tears. *[Exit.]*

TRU LOVE.

Satirical Monster! No more my Uncle. May ev'ry new Apostate devour his Share in thee, and leave thee naked and distrest'd like me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Sir James Either side's House.

Enter Sir James Either side and Lisetta.

Sir JAMES.

So, Baggage, where's your Lady?

LISSETTA.

She's like most other Women of her Age, here, there, and ev'ry where. Was there no Opposition, and she fleet enough, she'd traverse the whole gay World in an Hour.—A little on the Jaunt, Sir.

Sir JAMES.

On the Jaunt, Mynx!

LISSETTA.

Yes, Sir, on the Jaunt. I hope, your Honour, she's not like an Apprentice, bound to Figures and the Compting-house.

Sir JAMES.

No; but she's bound by the Laws of Prudence not to marry a Beggar. I suppose you are ignorant of all Concerns betwixt her and *Tru love*.

LISSETTA.

As much as I am, Sir, of a Waste-book or a Ledger. I assure you, Sir, my Mistress and I are People of Spirit, and won't keep disinherited Gentlemen Company.

Sir

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Sir JAMES.

Then there is no Danger.

LISETTA.

Danger, Sir! You surprise me. I hate, like a Nun, a poor Gallant who cannot solace me with a single Piece for his Introduction. As I hope to be marry'd, Sir, no Mr. Trueman passes current there.

Sir JAMES.

That's good. I have provided a Husband. Sir Titus Scrape is rather old; but he's very steady.

LISETTA. [*Aside.*]

Too much so for Amanda, I'll assure you.

Sir JAMES.

And then he's rich; but not extravagant. He'll not entertain a Parcel of lazy Footmen, who are good for nothing but to get the Maids with Child.

LISETTA. [*Aside.*]

That's more than he's good for, I'm afraid.

Sir JAMES.

But tho' he's prudent, yet, on extraordinary Occasions, he may see Company, and dress fine.

LISETTA.

To receive some am'rous Gallant. [*Aside.*] See, Sir, he's return'd to receive your Commands.

Enter Amanda.

AMANDA. [*To Lisetta aside.*]

Am come to execute a new Device of *Schemer's*. You shall know all anon.

Si

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Sir JAMES.

So, Daughter. You are come, I hope, to give me a Specimen of your Duty.

A M A N D A.

Yes, Sir; enlarge on the Necessity of Finery, Matrimony, and publick Places, and, like most Daughters, I'm all Obedience.

Sir JAMES.

Very well; you object not to a Partner of my proposing, and I'll answer for *Bath*, *Tunbridge*, and a very splendid Appearance.

L I S E T T A.

Madam, you must have new Cloaths every Month. Charming Vails! One Word for Mistress and two for myself.

Sir JAMES.

Peace, you Baggage!—Forget *Truelove*, [*To Amanda.*] and you are ev'ry Thing your Heart can wish for.

A M A N D A.

Truelove! Ha, ha, ha! I'll listen to a Gallant of Fifty, and a Coronet; but Youth, Folly, and an empty Purse. Oh! Sir, your humble Servant for that.

Sir JAMES.

Prudence in Perfection! Shun *Truelove* as tho' he was a dishonest Man.

A M A N D A.

So, Sir, he certainly must be: For how shou'd a disinherited Youth, bred to no Employment, procure an honest Subsistence? But, Sir, I'm all Ambition. The Gentleman that visits us, and the Man I've fixt on, has a Title.

L I S E T T A.

Lud! how grand to be Maid to Folks of Distinction.

Sir

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Sir JAMES.

To be sure he's in Years.

AMANDA.

Younger in my Eyes than *Truelove* by some annual Hundreds, and Thousands of hard Rhino. Pray nothing against a Man of his Title and Fortune, I'm determin'd to be Lady *Scrape*, or die a Tabby.

Sir JAMES.

Bravely resolv'd! What a Fool was I to object to what my Heart long'd for? [*Afide.*] Nothing against—No. Who can object to a Complication of good Things?—But here he comes.

Enter Sir Titus Scrape.

Sir TITUS.

Fair Pattern of the Queen of Beauty—

AMANDA.

Softly, softly.—You'll kindle a Flame of Vanity.

Sir TITUS.

Your pardon, Madam: I know not which is nearest to my Soul, yourself, my Money, or my Religion.

LISETTA. [*Afide.*]

It is a Case, I believe, very easily determined.

Sir JAMES.

Why, to be sure my Daughter's a pretty Toy for your Hours of Retirement; and a moderate Share of apparent Piety is a pretty Varnish: But—but as there's a great Scarcity occasion'd by the Luxury and Gambling of our State Pilots, what's so precious to a Man as his Cask? The King's Picture has a Thousand additional Charms when impress'd in Gold.

Sir

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Sir TITUS.

Right. But, Madam, you have made a Conquest
o'er this Breast, which has felt no such pleasing Emo-
tion these eleven Years.

AMANDA. *[Aside.]*

Letty, he may treble the Number, and speak Truth.

Sir TITUS.

And, therefore, by your Father's Authority, I wed you
To-night.

AMANDA.

By my Father's Authority!

Sir JAMES.

Yes, Madam! and I expect Compliance; or Woe
upon your Head.

LISSETTA. *[Aside.]*

Be cheerful, and comply; Schemer and I will bring
you off.

Sir JAMES.

What's the Matter? Do you refuse? You seem
confounded.

AMANDA.

Your Orders shall be obey'd. I'm troubled with the
Heart-burn: I must step in for some Magnesia.

[Exit Amanda and Lisetta.]

Sir JAMES.

But now I think you differ in Religion.

Sir TITUS.

I never but once ask'd a Woman's Sentiments in Point
of Religion, who was educated according to the usual
Method of this Metropolis.

Sir

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Sir JAMES.

That must be an absolute Banquet; pray indulge me with it. What a queer chimerical Animal must a Female be, who thinks of any Thing but Love and Apparatus?

Sir TITUS.

Pray, Brother Knight, take it in her own Words. The Church People appear often worse than they are, to be thought Rakes and Libertines; and many Dissenters appear better, to obtain Credit under the Mask of Virtue, and bubble those that put any Confidence in them. — But hark'ee, Sir James, I'll recommend her to private Devotion; and what with pucking, scolding, and nursing her Bantlings, I shall contrive to keep her from being star'd at in Church or Meeting-house.

Sir JAMES.

Methinks you vary your Discourse: You are not so zealous as usual for your new Mode of Divinity.

Sir TITUS.

My Soul is fervent: But Love makes a strange Alteration; especially in a Methodist. But in regard to the stipulated Settlement?

Sir JAMES.

Send for your new Convert, Replevin. The Writings must have a spiritual Effect, when drawn by a chosen Vessel.

Sir TITUS.

I left him disputing with *Obadiah Ghostly*, which a reasonable Being wou'd deem most Savage. The uncultivated Manners of *Omiab*, or those of his late Encouragers, who smile at Provisions sent abroad, and the industrious Poor perishing with Hunger.

Sir JAMES.

A wide Field for Argument. — But you seem elated.

C

Sir

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Sir TITUS.

Elated! ay. Let's seal, sign, wed, and bed, and then I'm the most happy Man on this Side the *Pyrenees*. I suppose you know where that is? It parts the *Christians* and *Indians* in *America*.

Sir JAMES.

I suppose your Lawyer is here? Methinks I hear his Voice below. I'll send him up; and we'll adjust Points in my Study. [Exit.]

Sir TITUS.

So, so, old Gentleman! in nine Months I'll send thee such a Grandson as shall be the Envy of all Parents and Nurses within the Bills of Mortality! I feel new Power! I've shaken off the old Man, and become Regenerate.—I shall certainly tire *Amanda* with conjugal Careffes!

Enter Replevin.

So, Mr. Replevin, you are come, I perceive.

REPLEVIN.

You will see an Attorney come any where, if there is the least Chance of Gain, on any Condition whatever. The Writings are drawn; there wants nothing but the Signatures.

Sir TITUS.

But I fear we are not secure from *Truelove* and the Law.

REPLEVIN.

You are: Right or wrong, 'twou'd not make the least Difference. He wants the very Soul of Proceeding—Money: Few Friends without that. A Council may plead gratis; *sed Corvo ravior albo*: A Lawyer may act thro' Pity to his Client; but if he does, he's the Phoenix of the Times. Said our holy Teacher last Sabbath, *The Labourer is worthy of his Hire*. Nay, if our Charge is a little

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little exorbitant, 'tis lawful to refresh ourselves with the Spoils of the ungodly. If our Customer is rich, we rail at the Inventor of tax'd Bills; and if no Rhino, but Plenty of Furniture, there's Harmony in the very Sound of a *fieri facias*.—Give me your Hand as a Token of your Friendship; and may I never be heard at Sessions, if ever I desert Sir Titus!

Sir TITUS.

Be heard at Sessions! I hope to see you seated in your Robes on the very Bench.—If ever our People shou'd get the Ear of the Minister, the Name of *Replevin* shall cut a greater Figure than *Coke* or *Littleton*.

REPLEVIN.

Thus far Things go joyially on,—In this Settlement, like a true Attorney, I've taken Care to provide for myself.

I pity much the poor deluded Fool,

Who makes, e'en starving, Honesty his Rule.

Honour, like modern Friendship's but a Name;

Success in Guilt, repays the Loss of Fame.

[Exit.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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little exordium, his law to reflect on himself with the
 * * * * *
 till at the inventor of fixed Bills; and it no Rhine,
 but Plenty of Furniture, there's Harmony in the very
 Sound of your Friendship; and may I never be heard at Set-
 tions, if ever I depart from your Lodgings.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Truelove's Lodgings.

S U T T I S

Enter Truelove, Kindly, Schemer, Amanda, Sabina,
 Lisetta.

your Robes on the very Floor. — If ever our People
 should get the Ear of the Minister, the Name of Kye-
 will come a great Deal of Littleton.

O N my Word, Mr. Schemer, an admirable Device;
 my Lady was perfect in her Lesson, I assure you.

Thus far Things go joyfully on — In this Settlement
 like a true Attorney, I've taken Care to provide for

Ay, Letty, I had my Cues. But this horrid old,
 lantern-jaw'd Fellow smil'd so ghastly;—and then my
 Father's avaricious Temper to sacrifice his Daughter!

S C H E M E R.

A Trifle, Madam!

[Exit]

S A B I N A.

A hypocritical Cheat my Uncle undoubtedly is.—
 Suppose, *Antanda*, we shou'd put on Breeches, and bully
 him to resign what *Truelove* ought to possess.

K I N D L Y.

No Female Quixotism: You must expect nothing, I
 believe, from Knight-errantry; *Dulcinea del Toboso* and
 Romance, must now give Way to Machiavel and Policy:
 —What think you, *Schemer*?

S C H E M E R.

There is something, Sir, that I don't like in Mr.
Replevin: He must be sifted.—But to the present Exi-
 gency. Trust, Madam, to my Pilotage, and all is well.

L I S E T T A.

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L I S E T T A.

What, in the Name of Cunning, have you thought on?

S C H E M E R.

On Success itself; On the Proof of Failure, may I be destin'd to serve a cashier'd Officer, or a *Grub-street* Writer.—Thus, Madam, affairs stand: We want a real Divine for the present, and Mrs. *Lisetta* must apologize for one hereafter. In short, marry Mr. *Truelove* immediately, and leave the rest to me.

S A B I N A.

My dear Amanda, whatsoever I may advance on this Topic will seem partial; but if I advise——

A M A N D A.

Prithce advise to any Thing but to the least Connection with Age, Impotence, Diffimulation, and Avarice. Were my ill Stars to direct me to Sir *Titus*, I should be terrified with Complaints and Infirmities, whin'd and canted out of my Intellects, and at last sold to an *American* Grimp, to cultivate Tobacco in one of his Majesty's Colonies.

T R U E L O V E.

Let me then conduct thee——

A M A N D A.

To some Dungeon; or any where but to that loathsome——

T R U E L O V E.

To the Fane of Hymen, where——

K I N D L Y.

I will conduct *Sabina* to keep us in Countenance.

S A B I N A.

Well, Sir, though my Father's sudden Death, and my Brother's unhappy Circumstances, render'd me deaf to all

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all your Vows and Proposals, yet I always view'd your Virtues with a partial Eye; and you shall find your Account in your Generosity.

S C H E M E R.

I have there been very provident.

K I N D L Y.

I have known Mr. *Schemer* in a different Situation.

S C H E M E R.

Yes, faith, Master: But the Women stript me of my Cask, my Morals, my Credit, and some Knowledge [*aside.*] of the Court, of my Attention to a Promise.

S A B I N A.

Well; help the Distress'd, and you may still be restor'd to a comfortable Mode of Life.

S C H E M E R.

There is no Time to lose: I'm sure your Uncle and the Lawyer have lost none. My Lady *Matcher's* Chaplain has thirty-seven Couple to dispatch, so need be no Loiterer.

L I S E T T A.

Palm him before he begins Business, and trust him for Dispatch.

S C H E M E R.

Well; embark on board my enterprising Vessel, and like a skilful Pilot, I'll land my Freight on the Beach of Happiness. — An Ounce of Brains is worth an hundred Acres of Land.

S A B I N A.

A thousand sometimes, if wittily employ'd. Gain your point, and you shall be register'd in the grand Office of Policy and Design.

S C H E M E R.

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S C H E M E R.

Why, Madam, these Harpies are so intent on devouring, that they never regard any Net that's spread for 'em, till they fall into it.—But here comes that vile Pettifogger: Leave us together: I'll suck him as dry as an Usurer does a young, thoughtless Heir; or a Prostitute her drunken Cully.

[*Exeunt all but Schemer.*]

Enter Replevin.

R E P L E V I N.

Well, Master Schemer, I fear the World grows ill with you.

S C H E M E R.

Had I some Years back ta'en good Advice, I had been Pandar to a Duke, tasted myself of the Firstling of Love, made bold with his Grace's Title and Arms, and laugh'd at the Simplicity of the Great. But ah! Sir, the golden Tide's roll'd by; I'm more clear-ey'd, with Watching, than an only Daughter crying for a deceas'd Father, whose whole Fortune was entail'd on the next Male-heir.

R E P L E V I N.

Oh, Friend Schemer! tho' Mr. Roaster says, *Afflictions are the fiery Trials of our Patience*, yet had he had to deal with Heirs, Usurers, Rakes, and Debauchees, (as a Man in my Business ever must,) and hardly got eighty-five per Cent. for his Trouble, he'd fore swear his own Doctrine.

S C H E M E R.

If you talk of Trials, judge of my Case by the following Detail: I once liv'd, or rather breath'd with a Member of that Skeleton Society call'd Authors. You wou'd have thought my Master a walking Anatomy, an absolute

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absolute Defserter from Surgeon's-hall: His Dress was calculated for Manure, and to encourage Cultivation: His Bones rattled if he mov'd faster than usual. We should have been eaten up with troublesome Insects; but he starv'd to Death the very Rats and Spiders in his Chamber: When he spoke, he seem'd to masticate his Words for Want of more substantial Aliment: He prais'd Moderation and a slender Diet, as refining the Wit, and preventing frightful Dreams; tho' he knew 'twas impracticable to dream, in his wretched Garret, of any Thing but Hunger.

REPLEVIN.

The Abuse of a Domestic does not so much come under the Redress of a Lawyer, as under the Inspection of Justice *Trader*. But you are very picturesque, Mr. *Schemer*, in your Descriptions. Pray proceed, I'm very fond of Narratives.

SCHMER.

His Pendantsy was branch'd out into Syncopas and Paragogues, beautiful Structures, and poetic Visions.— But my Master never got any Reputation as a Dramatist but once; and that was in the Simile of a distress'd Vessel, and the Crew fainting at the Pump, thro' a short Allowance of Provisions.

REPLEVIN.

Thou Cousin of a Consumption! how wast thou redeem'd from the *ne plus ultra* of Necessity, and restor'd to the Mansions of Eating and common Sense?

SCHMER.

By a Prodigy in our poetic Sphere.—My Master publish'd an Anti-ministerial Paper, sold a few Copies, bought Flesh, fed like another Man, and so consequently died of a Surfeit.

REPLEVIN.

Where did the blind fortuitous Goddess next conduct you?

DISAPPOINTED VILLAINY. 25

S C H E M E R.

To a Half-pay Ensign, who bore some Analogy to my Surfeit-slain Master; but noisy as his Drum, and loud as the Roar of a Cannon: He was strongly recommended to Administration for Preferment.

R E P L E V I N.

So, then, I find his Fortune turn'd on a very precarious Hinge: What were his Pretensions?

S C H E M E R.

His Sister, Sir, had Charms, and the Minister Eyes; and he might have now commanded a Company of brave Fellows, had he not been routed by so formidable an Enemy as the Small-pox. He then applied for Promotion in an oriental Employment; yet tho' poor Capt. *Conscience* was strongly recommended, the Appointers told him he was not calculated for that Service; and they never had, nor ever wou'd have the least Connection with him, or any of his Family: But his better Genius befriended him; and he now luxuriates in the Character of a Pimp to a Nabob.

R E P L E V I N.

A chequer'd Life, truly.—But your once disappointed Hero. being so amply provided for, who next was so happy as to engage your Services?

S C H E M E R.

A Son of *Thespis*. But there I did not continue long: For what with his Forfeitures, Stoppages, the irregular Payments of the Managers, and a Turn to the Hazard-table, I was quickly transplanted to the wretched Service of this repentant Rake.

R E P L E V I N.

Well, Mr. *Schemer*, if you will take my Advice—

D

S C H E M E R.

26 DISAPPOINTED VILLAINY.

S C H E M E R.

Advice, Sir! I have no Skill in Chymistry; so no Chance for the golden Secret. For, I assure you, I must discover that before I'm capable of giving you a Fee.

R E P L E V I N.

Ah, Friend, I know nothing of an Alembic, or sublimated Matter. — You only follow my Directions in Regard to your Master, with the same Punctuality as I serve his Uncle, and we'll be under no Obligation to the Philosopher's Stone.

S C H E M E R.

I thought you Gentlemen of the Law never took the Trouble to advise without a Fee?

R E P L E V I N.

Very frequently to serve our own Purposes, and reward a well-meaning Assistant: But to do Business with a disinterested Prospect, wou'd be as unfashionable, and fit as awkward, as a Pinner or Ruff on a modern fine Lady.

S C H E M E R.

Thou callous Child of Adamant! [Aside.]

R E P L E V I N.

Persuade Mr. *Truelove* not to intermeddle with his Uncle's Affairs, and I'll engage him an annual Stipend on retiring into the Country.

S C H E M E R. [Aside.]

So! Does it turn there? A Rat behind the Arras! This answers the general Character of the *Replevins*. — Surely Fraud is in some Families as hereditary, as was touching for the King's-Evil.

R E P L E V I N.

You meditate, Sir.

S C H E M E R.

S C H E M E R. [*Aside.*]
On thy Shame, and my Master's Detection of it.
Thou Limb of Perfidy!

R E P L E V I N.
Mark these pretty, chinking, yellow Smilers.—Re-
move your Master three Days Post from the Smoke and
Cries of this busy Metropolis, and this heavy Purse of
Saffron-coated Gentleman, and a future Gratitude shall
reward Compliance.

S C H E M E R.

Ah! Sir, you melt me. Thou lively emblem of the
holy Mr. Roaster! Did that divine Husbandman hunger,
I'd feed him,—was my Master imprison'd, I'd visit him,
and you naked,—oh, Sir!—I'd excoriate a Villain.
[*Aside.*]—But—but, Sir! 'tis for poor Truelove's Be-
nefit.—I would take your Money in an honest Way;
but I'm so confounded—

R E P L E V I N.
I see thou art: I read the generous Confusion in thy
Face. But as parting with a little Trash may make a
Peace betwixt a penitent Nephew and a loving Uncle,
I bestow this Purse, to reward thy Diligence, with all
the Sincerity of Religion.

S C H E M E R.

And I pocket it with all the Rapture of Romance!
[*Aside.*]—Well, Sir, we fly to a Retreat: But remember
your Promise; for I'll assure you, Sir, if our Circum-
stances are not better'd within a few Weeks, we shall
want no Help from the Country Air to create an
Appetite. [*Exit.*]

R E P L E V I N.
So then, beside the stipulated Sum from old Hypo, I'll
take Care that the Annuity I've prevail'd on him to
allow Truelove shall pass thro' my Hands; and as his
A D A M A D 2 Life

28 DISAPPOINTED VILLAINY.

Life is necessary for Continuance of Payment, he shall be punctually paid One-third for preserving it. Two-thirds I'll reserve for Brokerage, and invent several Stratagems to prevent the Nephew and Uncle from coming to an Explanation. I've made a noble Self-reserve in the Marriage Articles! I've nothing now to do when Matters are adjusted, but to rob *Schemer*; and so get Money on ev'ry Side of the Question. [Exit *Replevin*.]

SCENE II.

Another Room in Truelove's Lodgings.

Enter Truelove, Amanda, Sabina, Kindly, Lettice.

TRUELVE.

Very lucky in every Circumstance. While Mrs. *Busy*, in her Canonicals, made old *Squeezall* happy in Idea, the Chaplain and his divine Colleague, laid a Foundation for our being so in Reality. — And now, *Amanda*, secure in thee, what can I wish for, but a Fortune to elevate thy good Qualities to the Meridian Splendor it deserves! — [Sighs.]

KINDLY.

Never sigh; Vexation, like Intemperance and Sloth, may bring on the Gout; and an acute chronical Dis-temper wou'd change the bridal Chamber into an Hospital, and mar the very Idea of Love or Consummation. Cheer up; *Schemer* will effect something on the Hypocrite or his Fool, never fear.

LETTICE.

Most likely, as I love Flattery: For designing People are so intent on imposing on others, that they are seldom prepar'd to baffle any Schemes that are form'd against themselves: But as I can give you, Ladies, Joy of your Nuptials in Reality, how do you approve of the Part I play'd in Fiction?

A M A N D A.

DISAPPOINTED VILLAINY. 29

A M A N D A.

Admirably! Like a capital Actress, thou mad'st a great Figure; and what is more striking, kept up the Deception throughout the whole Plot.

L E T T I C E.

Consider, Madam, I play'd for your Benefit.

A M A N D A.

And I will soon give thee a considerable token of my Applause. But I'll handle this hideous Brother of shrivell'd Parchment with the Claws of a Bruin; call him, my convenient Deary, my sweet, distant Resemblance of the Shadow of a Husband; torture him till he grows delirious with Jealousy; tell my Friends I'll shew them a fashionable Monster, but that he's rather dangerous, and they must beware of his Horns; And when we've baited him to absolute Distraction, I'll laugh, and tell him; when his divine Guide is noo'd, I'll recommend the same tender Treatment of a Fanatic to the starch Mrs. Roaster. This, or some Airs similar to these, shall clearly shew him, that Youth like mine shelters under the Masculine Banner of sweet Twenty-four, and falls into Hyftericks at the very sound of Pocket and a Flannel Shirt, or Wrinkles and Sixty-five.

S A B I N A.

Take Care that the Spring of your Trap don't recoil and catch the Setter.—The old Fellow is oily-lingua'd. These antiquated Mortals are very close and loving, they glue to the very Bark, and cling like Ivy.

K I N D L Y.

Stop; here comes *Schemer*, with the Assurance of a Quack Doctor, and I hope with as much Power of doing Mischief.

Enter.

30 . DISAPPOINTED VILLAINY.

Enter Schemer.

S C H E M E R.

So, Sir, I have fathom'd Mr. Oyer and Terminer, and, like all other leaky Vessels, I find him worthless. But with all his Schemes I have fram'd a Counterplot. Madam, you must instantly attend the Bridegroom; [*Exit Amanda*] and the rest step in and dress by my Direction.—Well, Mr. Truelove, here's a Lesson for yourself and Bride; and the Rule for conducting the whole Affair. This Paper unfolds all Particulars.

[*Exit Truelove, &c.*]

S C H E M E R.

Well, this out-lying, and out-scheming of the Father of Lyes and Stratagems, may be call'd Iniquity. But 'tis being a Sinner in a damn'd good Cause; however, if my honest Industry fails here, Spadille and Basto, where Dexterity may not be so diffusive, is my last Stake: I'll e'en to *Calcutta*, set up a *Cocoa*, or *Amack's*, at *Bengal*, and strip the Nabobs with the same Cordiality as they wou'd *Hyder Ally* or *Sujah Dowlah*. I'll then ape my Betters, hunt the several Species of Jackalls, some on two, and some on four Legs; burn my black Servant least he should tell Tales; and, like an ungall'd Hero, return Home. I'll then float on in the usual Channel, purchase a Seat in the Lower House, care not a Curse for National Advantage; but lead ev'ry new Fashion, and commence Fool of Distinction. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

A Room in Sir Titus Scrape's House.

Enter Sir James Eitherfide.

Sir J A M E S.
So, I've kept my Daughter from playing the Fool.—
I've heard of a Wiseacre who said, *He'd rather marry his Girl*

DISAPPOINTED VILLAINY. 31

Girl to a Man without an Estate, than to an Estate without a Man. No, no; wed her to an Estate, the other Essential comes in Course. Most Women are sensible to cater for their own Convenience. —As to my Son-in-Law, hum! —he's old: So much the better; the sooner she's likely to enter on her Jointure. And then, I fear, he's a Rascal; —the better still; the more likely to thrive, and cut a Figure in Life. But here he comes.

Enter Sir Titus and Amanda.

Sir TITUS.

Well, *Amanda*, can you fancy a middle-aged Man, rather turn'd of fifty?

A M A N D A.

'Tis an odd Time to propose such a Question; but I'll try my best.

Sir JAMES.

Endeavour, Hussy, to conform to your Husband's Schemes and Pleasures: Your Grandfather gave your Mother the same Lecture on her Wedding-night.

A M A N D A.

'Tis fit, Sir, the Inclinations of Man and Wife shou'd tally.

Sir JAMES.

Good Child! A good Repose, *Sir Titus*, to yourself and Rib. *[Exit.]*

Sir TITUS.

Now, my bright Angel! let me draw near.

A M A N D A.

Your Distance, Sir; I hope you don't imagine I'm to be pull'd about like a Holiday Queen in a Country Village, or a brawny Wench at a Mead-mowing.

Sir

32 DISAPPOINTED VILLAINY.

Sir TITUS.
Come, sweet *Amanda*! My Domesticks attend—In to
Repose.

A M A N D A.
To Repose! Ha, ha, ha! I intend to carouse on
this happy Night, and turn the whole Street into a
Brothel. If your Spider Shanks can no longer support
your feeble Carcase, draw your Curtains and drop asleep:
I shall be the last Person to awake you, I assure you.

Sir TITUS.
What, not consummate? Too scrupulous Modesty.

A M A N D A.
Consummate! Thou Bugbear to Love and Matrimo-
nial Bliss. If you are the last Object I see before I sleep,
it will make such a deep Impression, that I shall surely
dream of a Corpse and Shroud.

Sir TITUS.
Fie, fie! You chill my Blood.

A M A N D A.
If any Expressions of mine can render it more cool,
I shall soon be rid of the Incumbrance of mere Flesh,
by an entire Stagnation. Pray seek some more suit-
able Chub.

Sir TITUS.
Who so proper a Bedfellow as a Man's own Wife?

A M A N D A.
For Heaven's Sake, Somebody without there, bring
bring Hartshorn Drops or Salvolatile! Wife! Oh
hideous! However, the Name is of some Service. I'm
under Cover. Oh the Harmony of Drums! Routs!
and Ridottos! Cards for Play, and Cards for Compli-
ments! Lady *Scrape's* Visiting-day! Porter! deny
Lady

DISAPPOINTED VILLAINY. 33

Lady Serious:—I'm always at Home to the Countess of Moon-light. Sirrah! be civil; tell Lies with a Grace, or I'll soon divest you of Office and Livery.

Sir TITUS.

Surely; oh, cruel Stars! my Sins deserve a milder Punishment.

A M A N D A.

Sally, step to her Majesty's Milliner; I must be fine and fashionable. I'll step and search the Contents of the Bureau; and pay off a few Debts of about fourteen Years standing. [Exit.

Sir TITUS.

Run, one of my Servants, to Sir James Either-side: Tell him his Presence is required here forthwith.

Enter Sabina, dress'd as a Nurse, with a Child in Arms.

Ha!—What other Fury's this?

S A B I N A.

No Fury, bless your Honour! Poor old Nurse; a sickly, weak, poor old creature. Is Madam, my dear Mistress, at Home, that was To-day wedded to the old, rich Methodist?

Sir TITUS.

Your Mistress! you old doating Beldam! How long has she born that honourable Title?

S A B I N A.

Ever since poor little Jacky was sent to our House to be suck'd: Bless its pretty Face! 'Tis so like its Father, sweet 'Squire Rattle. Pray, Sir, I suppose you are Mistress's Husband then?

Sir TITUS.

Wou'd she was in the Grand Signor's Seraglio at Constantinople!

E

S A B I N A.

34 DISAPPOINTED VILLAINY.

SABINA.

Pray, your Honour, don't shake your Cane. It never wanted tender Care: 'Tis as natural as One's own.— But Times are very hard upon poor People. And Mr. Ratle says, *I must not tease him for Money; Mistress is marry'd to a fond, rich Husband; and the 'Squire thinks it his Business to provide for it.*

Sir TITUS.

Abandon'd Prostitute! Intrigue with that debauch'd Rakehell! A moving Hospital of Physic and Disease.

Enter Amanda.

So; thou foul Imp of Darkness! Behold this Proof of Wickedness and Shame.

A M A N D A.

Tut! tut! A mere Trifle in the *Belle Assemblée*. Step in, good Woman, I'll pay up old Arrears, and fit up a Nuriery in my own House. You see, Sir, I'm not barren; I've more Bantlings unprovided for: Stick to your Commerce, and you may soon have spare Money enough to furnish them with decent Fortunes. Come in, Nurse. Off with this Antediluvian Garb, chosen Vessel! and be fit to see Gallants of the *Beau Monde*, whom I shall straightway invite to regale themselves with Cake and Caudle. [*Exeunt Amanda and Sabina.*]

Sir TITUS.

A mere trifle! A mere Composition of Lust and Assurance. What the Devil had I to do with the *Belle Assemblée*, or the *Beau Monde*? Wou'd, as a Bachelor, I had never dreamt of any Thing but temporal Business, and the Tabernacle! But I'll secure the Deed in some obscure Part of the Building.—[*Pulls out the Deed.*]— [*Enter Schemer as Old Truelove's Ghost.*] Bless us!— What's there?— My injur'd Brother's Spirit! How fright-

DISAPPOINTED VILLAINY. 35

frightfully he looks! His Eyes are as big as Saucers, and dart Fire like an Electric Machine. Don't scare me thus, and I will not leave a Stone unturn'd to give thy Ashes Rest.—Oh the Forgery! the plaguy Deed! —The hellish Lawyer! that Member of Satan!—Oh my Conscience!

S C H E M E R.

Resign my Fortune to my hapless Son, or I'll waft thee in a Turnado to the Lake of Fire, where Adders hiss, and Souls infernal howl.

Sir TITUS.

Mercy Heavens! A Turnado! What can that be? I suppose a Post-chariot belonging to *Lucifer*.—Lake of Fire!—hiss and howl!—Oh Lud! oh Lud! [*Faints.*]

[*Schemer snatches the Deed, and Exit.*]

Enter Replevin.

REPLEVIN.

What, in the Name of Wonder, have we here!—*Jonathan! Simon! Zackary! Natbaniel!* your Master's in a Fit! Bring some *Assafoetida* and *Dr. Puffer's Drops*; and if those won't do, we must revive him with the Sight of a handful of *Guineas*.—[*Sir Titus recovers.*]

Sir TITUS.

Where am I, in Hell!—Who are you?

REPLEVIN.

Your only and best Friend. You are in your own House; from whence I ejected the true Heir, supposing his Uncle more deserving the Possession of it.

E 2

Enter

36 DISAPPOINTED VILLAINY.

Enter Truelove, Kindly, Schemer, Amanda, Sabina, Lifetta.

KINDLY.—
Oh thou Child of Turpitude! who turn'st the Law, intended for the Succour and Support of Justice, to the Subjects wrong, and perhaps his final Ruin: And thou deluded, yet thou graceless Wretch, by this Device we've wrung Confusion of your Guilt.

Enter Sir James Eitherfide.

Sir JAMES.

To what End, Son-in-Law, am I sent for?

Sir TITUS.

I am unworthy of the Name. At *Truelove's* Feet I ask Forgiveness: The Estate is his, and——

TRUELOVE.

Your virtuous Daughter is likewise mine by Marriage.

Sir JAMES.

If they go together, I've no Objection.

TRUELOVE.

They are cemented, Sir. This vile Forger——

Sir JAMES.

Vile Forger! What a lucky Escape, *Amanda*? I always told you never to marry a Man of bad Principles: May'st thou be happy, if a young and loving Husband, a noble Fortune, and the kindest of Father's can make thee so.

Sir TITUS.

Pardon me, dear Nephew, and I'll be a voluntary, broken-spirited Recluse; work out my Time of Reformation in *Moorfields*; and live within the Verge of a Tabernacle.

REPLEVIN.

DISAPPOINTED VILLAINY. 32

R. E V P O L I E V I N.

Egad, I may get some Custom there! I'll give out that the Place of Worship is not licens'd; encourage some rich Bucks to enter and make a Disturbance on the Premises: So either extort a swinging Composition, or endite 'em for a Breach of Peace.

S C H E M E R.

I thought it was not worth while to deal with Heirs, Usurefs, Rakes, and Debauchees, when you hardly get Eighty-five *per Cent.* for your Trouble.

T R U E L O V E.

Hence, ye vile Plotters 'gainst my Love and Birth-right! Branded with Guilt and Infamy, let Reflection prove your only Scourge. There is something sacred in the Name of Uncle, that saves yourself and Minion from the condign Punishment allotted by the Law.

R E P L E V I N.

Come, let us go, Sir *Titus*, and thank your Nephew, whose Clemency saves us from crossing the Water, and augmenting the Negro breed in the King's Plantations.

[*Exit with Sir Titus.*]

K I N D L Y.

I congratulate you, Sir, on so worthy a Son-in-Law as my Friend; to whose Sister I was at the same Time united in the rosy Chains of Hymen. Come, Mrs. *Lisetta*, I know there is a sneaking Kindness betwixt you and Mr. *Schemer*.

S C H E M E R.

Pardon me, Sir, we've been too long known to each other to think of marrying.

L I S E T T A.

Silence, Saucebox! the Grapes are sour.

T R U E L O V E.

DISAPPOINTED VILLAINY.

TRUE LOVE.

And now, Sir, let us admire the Ways of Heaven, which made a Domestic (whose Faith shall be amply recompens'd) the Means of detecting a Wretch who forg'd his Brother's Hand, in Conjunction with one who is the greatest Scandal to the Legislature. And from this let us learn,

*Tho' sometimes sad (in proud Oppression's Spight),
Virtue shines forth in her triumphant Light.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

THE END.



EPILOGUE

By REPLEVIN.

CLOS'D is the Piece, good Folks! and now, dy'see
Beset with Guilt, pray what remains for me?
At length condemn'd, I know not where to stray;
What Course to take; or how pass Life away.
Shall I to India's sultry Regions roam,
And practise there what I pursu'd at Home;
Leave Hunger here, to Lands of Fatness go,
And feed at Ease on Curry and Pilo?
Create new Quarrels 'twixt depending Fee,
And Strife foment 'twixt Gentoo and Persee;
Shew that I am no conscientious Man,
But, like the Nabobs, pillage whom I can:
Or not from England's fertile Banks withdraw;
But practise here, in honest Mode, the Law.
Not from the Church's Tenets strict divide;
Nor call, poor Roaster, an enlighten'd Guide.
Since from his Words, it plainly stands confest,
"Enthusiastic Passion swells his Breast*."
While false Sensations vent in clam'rous Storm,
"Enlarge his Voice, and ruffle all his Form†."
Well, henceforth, Friends, in whatsoever Land
Fate fixes me with its determin'd Hand,
Since our sweet Bard so lenient prov'd at last,
Grateful I'll be for his mild Sentence past.
And since from Punishment he sets me free,
Be kind to him, as he was kind to me:
But if presuming, awe him with your Nod;
Nor spoil the Bantling, while you spare the Rod.

* The Fair Penitent.

† The Fair Penitent.

